LONDON LIFE.

No. 1. LONDON, MAY 24th, 1879. ONE PENNY.

BARMEN RETURNING FROM A CALICO BALL.

(Scene, outside the "Pavilion," Time, 1.30 a.m. The guardians of public safety gone to supper.)

As rolling home, brimful of gin and beer,
Yet still of "Major Lyons" crotchets queer;
Most mindful—What's this sight that meets my gaze,
Terpsichore herself in dizzy maze,
With all her crew disports herself, defiant
Of all authority. Seemingly reliant
On doing as she likes, no fear of strife,
Or hindrance as she shows us LONDON LIFE.

"Pavilion," thou art doomed, yet once before
Improvements vast, for aye shall close your door,
And make your neighbourhood but too precise
And virtuous, and banish all that's nice,
And yet I fear so naughty. Whilst we may
We'll shake the leg so loose, and still so gay,
Offence, though giving, nor to maid nor wife,
We'll show you what is left of LONDON LIFE.

THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Chapter I.

THE MEETING.

It was a glorious summer night in 1859.

The canopy of Heaven was studded with innumerable constellations, that blinked and winked over the modern Babylon, as though their fine eyes were shocked by the riot, revelry, and recklessness that was going on below upon Mother Earth.

It was yet early, and from the magnificent mansions in Piccadilly, the sumptuous abodes of the wealthy and great, sounds of festivity and music floated out from the open windows into the calm still atmosphere.

The famous thoroughfare was crowded with vehicles and pedestrians; and from tiny broughams, glimpses of beauty, smothered in diamonds and lace, could be caught, as the fair occupants were whirled by to the Opera or State Ball.

Amongst the pedestrians that thronged the pavement were two young men, who attracted a considerable amount of attention among the host of pretty women, who were airing themselves upon this beautiful June night.

The first was a fair young fellow, dressed in irreproachable taste, his features were moulded in the most aristocratic type, and from his small elegant patent leather boots to the hat of the last fashion, fresh and radiant from the celebrated firm of Messrs. Christy and Co., his outer man was typical of the gorgeous swell.

His companion was no less interesting, but he formed a direct contrast to his friend.

Dark as night, with raven hair and fine Norman features, he made an excellent foil to the Saxon beauty of his companion.

A soft silken black moustache, bandolined to perfection, surmounted a set of teeth of the most brilliant whiteness.

His eyes were soft and lustrous, and altogether no handsomer pair of striplings ever set the susceptible heart of lovely woman in a flutter.

The name of the fair young man was Roland Percival, commonly known among his associates as the Marquis, on account of his aristocratic style and appearance, for no one about town was ignorant of the title by courtesy universaly accorded to him.

Our hero bore the name of Harry Johnson, and was equally celebrated among his set for his light-heart, bonhommie and general dare-devilment.

To judge from the garb and jewellery the youngsters wore, they certainly belonged to the upper ten.

But this was not so.

Although they would have done credit to the most exclusive drawing-room in Belgravia, no scions of nobility were these.

Roland, or the Marquis, was simply a clerk in a large joint stock bank, although he lived more like a man of fortune than a mere mercantile employé.

As for Harry Johnson, he held a very subordinate position in a celebrated London firm connected with literature, but his activity and smartness in business (for he could be either the busy bee or the butterfly, according to circumstance) had raised him to a position seldom held by one so young.

"And what shall we do now, Roland?" asked Harry of his friend, as he withdrew his arm from his companion for a moment to light a fresh cigar.

"My dear old boy, the fact is I must leave you I promised to meet Stella to-night at the Argyle, and you know what a devil of a temper she flies into if you disappoint her."

"Yes, Mademoiselle Stella is by no means the mildest of her sex—nor the most economic, either. She'd ruin Rothschild if she had her head. By Jove, old fellow, I wonder how you manage to keep it up in your positiou.

The Marquis laughed cheerily in reply.

"Faith, I scarcely know myself. There is one thing, I am chums with the governor's son, and he is a devilish good fellow. Besides that, my tradesmen are most patient and long suffering, and for the rest, let to-morrow take care of itself."

"Reckless as ever, old boy."

"Of course, a short life and a merry one. It's no use trying to enjoy yourself when you are old, for then the capacity will have fled."

By this time they were opposite the Burlington Arcade, which was just closing.

From the Arcade emerged some score of beauties, habited in the daintiest apparel; and certainly angels in appearance, if even fallen angels.

Harry and Roland always stopped to look at women, at least if they were pretty.

And so in this case.

Then an exclamation of surprise escaped the Marquis, and he drew Harry's attention to a very pretty little creature, magnificently dressed, who was just coming out of the Arcade.

"I'm in luck, Harry, there is Stella. I suppose she was just going up to the 'Gyle, its confoundedly early to meet her here, but she wants me to take her to Vauxhall Gardens afterwards."

"Then I won't detain you, old man, though I am sorry to lose your society. Two's company, &c.; the sayings, somewhat aged."

And so saying, Harry, who had the greatest horror of intruding upon spooney people, shook the hand of the Marquis, and hurriedly left him, finally calling out: "I will see you to-morrow night at the old rendevous."

"Hang it," our hero said, when he saw the young girl walk off with the Marquis, with her Lilliputian well gloved hand resting confidingly upon his arm. "Hang it, I dind't think that he was engaged to-night, and I'd made up my mind to have a run down to Cremorne later on. It's too slow to go by one's self. I wonder what I can do to kill an hour.

By this time he had come to Swallow Street; up here he turned with a vague intention of strolling through Regent Street. But on arriving at a brilliantly-lighted public house a little way up, his footsteps were arrested by a terrifically convivial chorus, issuing from the first-floor window of the tavern, finishing with a vociferous tol-de-rol-lol.

"They seem enjoying themselves up there," quoth our hero.

And if noise were any indication of enjoyment, they decidedly were doing so.

"I'll explore this haunt of harmony," and hoping to find some novel amusement, Harry entered the tavern.

He discovered that a large room, occupying the whole area of the first floor above, was filled with persons of either sex, drinking and smoking, and going in for festivity generally.

A platform occupied the upper part of the room. In front of this was the chairman's table; the chair being tenanted by a gentleman with a profusion of dark ringlets and cheap jewellery, and evidently belonging to the Hebrew persuasion.

The company was of a very mixed character, but the strictest decorum was observed.

There was a strong percentage of gentlemen's servants, in and out of livery, present. Some dissipated looking men, who were familiar with everybody, and whose linen was conspicious by its absence rather than cleanliness, and who would come under the "swell out of luck" denomination, and these were supplemented by a large proportion of showily dressed young women, *of the Free and Easy sort*, with their attendant sweethearts, &c.

Although people think that the Music Hall of the present day is an entire novelty, yet with the exception of scenic effects and the splendid display of the elaborate character of this period, there was little if any difference in the concert rooms attached to the taverns of twenty years ago.

But to return to our hero.

His appearance was the signal for general notice being attracted to him. His handsome appearance and perfect equipment provoked several titters from the young women present, by no means to their lovers' satisfaction.

The fast men winked knowingly at each other, as much as to say here is a greenhorn whom we must plunder.

The chairman, with a view to eleemosynary rum and water, immediately made way at his little table for our hero ,who, although somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, accepted the proffered courtesy with an air of the greatest nonchalance.

Having ordered brandy and lemonade, he settled himself in time to hear a song sung by a gentleman of Ethiopian features, who turned out to be Darky Roberts, a celebrated comic singer of a quarter-of-a-century since, of which we append a line or two.

"I've a nice four poster,
With curtains blue;
Though it only holds one,
There is room for two.
Single ladies, how d'ye do—do.
Single ladies, how d'ye do.'.

From the above choice specimen of the class of song which was then popular, our readers can judge whether the questionable taste of our present Music Hall ditties is so much more pronounced than the specimen quoted.

But our hero has no eyes or ears for anything on the stage.

From the moment of his seating himself at the table he became conscious of the presence of a lovely woman who was seated next to him.

She was so immeasurably superior to the rest of the women present, and was so evidently out of place in that incongruous gathering, that our hero, who had fallen over head and ears in love with her at first sight, set himself the task of divining what could have brought her there.

She was an Italian.

Long silken tresses coiled round a small head of classic formation.

Large almond-shaped dark eyes, fringed with long lashes sweeping down upon her cheeks, lighted up a face which for purity of complexion and beauty of outline need fear no rival.

Harry ejaculated mentally, "What the devil can she be doing here?"

The handsome girl saw and appreciated the admiration so openly bestowed upon her.

Although she had treated the looks and whispers of the other men present with imperial scorn, yet there seemed some strange affinity between herself and Harry, for which neither could account, but to which both yielded.

It was probably through the dictation of some such indefinable feeling that she dropped her handkerchief.

Harry, with heart beating at a furious rate, at once stooped and returned it to its fair owner, muttering as he did so something inarticulate.

The handsome Italian graciously answered the youth with a fascinating smile, and the ice being then thus broken an animated conservation was commenced.

To Harry's invitation of a glass of wine the lady returned a polite negative, and by her high bred manner he was convinced that it was no ordinary person with whom he had the good fortune to meet.

Harry exerted himself to the utmost to make himself agreeable.

And not in vain.

It was evident that the impression made upon him by the signora was mutual.

Her dark eyes flashed enchantingly upon the young man, and he felt himself in the seventh heaven.

"And may I ask what brings you to this strange place," he at length asked, "for I am sure it is not fitting for you to be here alone."

"I cannot gratify idle curiosity, signor."

"Believe me it is not idle, nor impelled by rudeness. I cannot tell you the peculiar interest I have at once taken in you, although we are acquaintances of scarce half-an-hour."

"And therefore, pardon me, if upon so slight an acquaintanceship I must decline to accede to your request."

The bright eyes of the fair unknown flashed provokingly upon Harry.

He felt he was being rallied, but replied with the air of a man of gallantry.

"I am sufficiently answered when I find you have not the desire to afford me the information."

Then he diverted the conversation to other channels.

Although young, he had seen much of the world, and had profited by the knowledge he had gained.

An hour flew by merrily.

Unconscious that the whole gaze of the room was now centred upon them, they chatted unreservedly, until at length an exclamation of surprise escaped the Italian as she noticed the time.

"So late—I must be going."

"Indeed, and thus early—"

"Yes, I must not delay, for I promised to be home before this."

As she spoke the girl rose and wrapping the mantilla of Spanish lace around her, and with a haughty inclination of her head to the chairman, left the table.

Without asking or receiving permission, Harry took up his hat and followed her.

As she approached the door a man with bloated cheeks and sunken eyes, who had been evidently drinking, rose from his seat and hissed something into her ear.

She started back as though stung by some venemous reptile.

"Stand back, sir; your addressing me is an insult."

But the dissipated looking intruder, heedless of her commanding tone, burst into a loud insulting laugh, and placing his arm round her waist, attempted to salute her, saying:

"What, Bianca, has this young popinjay to whom you have been talking all the evening made you forget me. Ha! ha! ha! you little thought I followed, and have been watching you all night."

Before he could kiss her, Harry seized him by the collar, and with one vigorous effort of his arm hurled the ruffian backwards, and he fell with a loud crash over a table on which there were several glasses of steaming grog.

As the owners of these stimulants received their boiling hot spirits and water in a way totally unexpected and unappreciated, the handling he met with was by no means of the greatest.

"It serves the blackgurd right, gentlemen," cried Harry, with flashing eyes; "but as it was to some extent my fault, let me replenish the glasses," and throwin a half-sovereign upon the table, and ere the audience had recovered from their astonishment, he had borne the startled girl half-way down into the street.

When they were fairly out of the house, he raised his hat, and said in the most respectful tones:

"In order to protect you from further insult, allow me to see you to your door."

For a moment she hesitated.

But then the candid honest face before her reproached her for distrust.

Frankly extending her hand, she said, in silvery accents:

"Signor, you are a gentleman, I will trust you."

He pressed the proferred hand to his lips.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIREWORKS,

Fireworks? Well, gentle reader, you may wonder what Fireworks have to do with Music and the Drama. If you don't know, I do. Isn't every successful Drama a "blaze of triumph?"—so with Fireworks. Havn't we heard Dr. Bülow play Chromatic Fireworks on the piano? Are not the Music Hall comic singers sending the chance of their proprietor's renewal of license to blazes?—another blaze of triumph that will be for Major Lyon. And, above all, I want to be brilliant and sparkling like Fireworks. I want to go up like the rocket, and don't want to come down like the stick. So light the slow-match and let me blaze away.

* * *

Talking of Major Lyon, he certainly has succeeded in partially extinguishing the "cerulean" element of the comiques. But how about "Aaron and Moses," and Macdermott's other frightfully suggestive song on Morality? Isn't this song a beauty. For bad taste at the present crisis nothing can surpass it.

* * *

Wood and Bennett, the Musical Clowns, have engaged a Clown coachman to drive them, result: the coachman broke the shafts of their vehicle two nights running last week.

* * *

Then, Charley Ward, Didcott's factotum, got into a cab with Bennett at the Royal, and told cabby to drive them to the Winchester. Warde occupied Bennett's (and his own) attention to such an extent in relating the engagements made at H. J. D.'s office, that they did not notice they were going wrong until cabby landed them at the Cambridge. They however were forgiving and generous, they let cabby take them on to the Winchester, paid him his exact fare, and gave him a penny for himself.

Schalkenbach is a man after my own heart, he loves work. After he has faked his electro-organ during the evening at the Middlesex, he waits patiently till the audience has gone out, and the gas has gone out too, and then he does a second performance, gratis, to two swells, Mr. Graydon, and the barmaids.

* * *

I don't know whether I'm young or old. Last night a lad of about eighteen called me "My boy," and ten minutes afterwards a veteran of seventy-six addressed me as "old fellow."

* * *

Mdlle. Valerie carries a cannon weighing 700lb. on her shoulders, and then fires it. Her partner is Attila, the German Hercules, but it is not true that they have given up their brougham so that she may carry him on her shoulder to business.

* * *

Carlo Minasi still Ulsters it in Camden Town.

* * *

Little Tom Coyne, the clever Irish "low com.," met a "gasser" lately, and after some brag on the part of the latter, Tom bought a gold Albert of him for £7 10s. Mr. Gasser repented of his flashness, but Tom stuck to the bargain and has since refused £11 for it.

* * *

Somebody's been trying to blow up the High Bailiff of Leeds. It is supposed that it was semeone he'd been blowing up the week before.

* * *

Mr. Rivers Wilson and his wife have by this time arrived in London, and it is hoped that they will remain here. As far as can now be seen, there does not seem any immediate prospect of our going to war to back up the claims of a lot of Jew money lenders, with that arch-apostate, the premier, at their head. Let Moses look after his coin, he spoiled the Egyptians a good many years ago, and now it seems they sadly want to have a turn at the "sheeny," The D. T. is very irate on the subject, and this looks as if things were going well.

* * *

I am glad to see that Sir James Ingham took more merciful view than did the Treasury of the case of "George Mitchell," a ticket-of-leave man. "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone," might well be a maxim more generally applied that it is, in cases of this description. This poor devil seems to have done his best after leaving goal, to obtain an honest livelihood, but the police would not let him alone, and, in fact, simply prevented his getting a livelihood in any other way than relapsing into crime. Sir James was humane enough to point this out to the counsel for the Treasury, who reluctantly adopted his suggestion to let the matter drop, and George Mitchell was "turned up."

* * *

Having fired this awful mine of Fireworks, I am glad to find that a spark has not blown the wrong way and exploded

SQUIB.

Fred. Evans has taken possession of the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, and is on the high road to fortune, that is if he gets over the surgical operation that was announced on his bills to take place last Tuesday. I quote the announcement: "Grand Inaugural Night to celebrate the opening of the hall *and of the Proprietor, Mr. Fred. Evans.* I have heard of opening bottles of Champagne on inaugural nights, but never of opening a proprietor.

* * *

The Oxford has, strange to say, a very indifferent company. Jennings has two strong cards in Chirgwin and the Walton Family, but you can't win many games with only two trumps in hand.

* * *

I always like to go to the Bedford; George Fredericks is one of the suavest and best proprietors in London, his hall is the cosiest, his company is of the best, and his audience is always respectable and appreciative, and, what George likes best, the seats are always well filled, whilst his chairman, Fred. Roberts, is a gentleman.

* * *

Fred. Harper is going to make it sultry for J. P. Boston and Patrick Mills for singing his song, "You'll be sorry for it in the morning when you're sober." J. P. B. and P. M. may probably be sorry for it in the morning.

* * *

In consequence of the success of that "rorty" or "norty" song of Stella de Vere's, "I've lost my key," I hear that the title is being "copped" by half the comiques in London. Well, quite right too, they must have lost their keys or else they would sing in key set down for them.

* * *

The "Ref." ought to be better informed about professional movements. In Sunday's edition it says, that Fred. French is about to visit London and appear at Lusby's. The fat, fair and forty Fred. has been appearing both at Lusby's and the Royal for nearly a fortnight.

* * *

The Sisters Leamer sing "We couldn't do anything wrong—" that's why the world's so gay to-day.

THE PERI OF THE PERIOD.

Old Becky's Troupe has now performed too long.
Their antics feeble fill us with disgust.
We want some young performers fresh and strong,
And at the next election have them must.

Sweet Peri of our Liberal ranks come down,
And rectify the errors of the age.
The people then will grant thee honour's crown,
If thou wilt deck the ministerial Stage.

Oho! Oho! What's this, my masters? the same people; the same place. Have I then been sleeping, not for twenty years like Rip Van Winkle, but for two dreary months of snow, east winds, and everything that is hurtful to mankind; well, perhaps, I shall be all the more brisker and gayer for my long nap. But, who are these? Oh, I see, the Man in the Iron Mask and Squib, but I prithee, friend Squib, why have I been wakened thus suddenly?

* *

There's work to be done, good Jester, answers Squib; good work, noble work, and the people cry loudly for us to write them good honest truths, added he.

* * *

And of course you will help me with the work; this interrogatively to Squib.

* * *

Yes, I am bounden to you by almost as close a compact as Faust was bound to the Demon, you know.

* * *

Well, I'll not be hard on you, good Squib, but only ask you if the work becomes too hard for me, don the motley and tell me the news of the town, and write with me.

* * *

Agreed, said he, and first you see our good artist has drawn your noble mug in the picture you are being presented with, a wreath.

* * *

What for? I enquired, not for going to sleep, I hope.

* * *

No, only the people think you are as deserving of it as Lord Beaky is of Tracy Turnelli's Golden Wreath.

* * *

It then transpired in the further conversation I had with Squib, that during the time I had been sleeping, some thousands of pence had been subscribed by as many fools (not clad in motley) to present a wreath of gold to the man of mystery, the modern Sphinx and author of Vivian Grey, for being good, yes, very good, to himself.

* * *

A bright thought strikes me, and notwithstanding all the pains and penalties threatened by my Editor for wasting paper and print, I'll just dot it down and tell ye my notion.

* * *

Now that the War Office Clerk, Clement Scott, has been presented to the Prince of Wales, what an opportunity for him, as Jingo songs are getting stale, to write, we'll say, a burlesque called the Golden Wreath, and get it produced either at the Oxford or the Aquarium.

What a draw if Tracy Turn-em-silly could only persuade Ben. to attend in person and Tracy present the wreath on the stage.

* * *

Or, if the Premier should object get Russell Grover to play the part; nobody would know him from Ben, unless they did so personally, HE is HONEST.

* * *

I don't know whether Tracy sings or not, but doubtless he does, so Clement, my boy, I would suggest the following duet, subject to your alteration or improvement.

* * *

TRACY (*sings*):

Take this Wreath, oh glorious "Vivian."
Tho' you're getting very "Grey,"
Don't you think I'm also clever,
Getting all these mugs to pay,
Pennies for this testimonial,
To your blood bought dizzy fame,
Take it honoured sphinx-like statesman,
Smile but show no sign of shame.

BEAKY:

Dearest Tracy, words are useless,
To express my thanks—I weep,
I am pleased beyond all measure,
Ah, ma tear, 'tis very sheap,
Shoost as sheap to me as lives are,
I am innocent of shame,
Guilty pr'aps of wholesale murder,
What of that if I gain fame?

Chorus and dance.

(Jew's harp-bow.)

BOTH:

How we chuckles and laugh in our sleeve,
Some people would hardly believe,
That folks are such fools,
To be made easy tools;
They're pleased, and we laugh in our sleeve.

Exit.

Frantic Dance of Delight.

"BUY YOUR LEAF."

Written expressly by C—Oddam, Fiddler.

* * *

Just fancy how the Jingoes would scream with delight at the chorus.

* * *

Only think what a Tableaux it would make! Tracy on tiptoe gracefully placing the wreath on Dizzy's noble brow, and Ladies of the Ballet, clad in the costume of every nation, standing by and applauding.

* * *

And, oh, if they could only get a real live Zulu, say Cetewayo for example, to come forward and embrace the future King of England, what a sensation it would cause.

* * *

Having got so enraptured with the idea, let me further suggest that they should get some of the people that used to be engaged as dancers at Queen Victoria's Own Theatre, I think they were of the male sex, dress them as Zulus, get them blacked up well, learn them to wobble their fingers in their mouth, and shriek "Whoo', Whoo's," form round Ben and dance the Cocoa-nut dance; let Dick Kitchen put them through their paces, and show them how to do it.

* * *

Grand Finale Coloured Fires and flight of Rockets, also set piece in the centre in letters of fire, Peace with Honor.

* * *

Moynham's Griffins ought to be introduced at the Show.

* * *

Look to it, Clement; see to it, Tracy; only square your humble servant if the plan is successful.

* * *

But for goodness sake don't write the songs on War Office Paper.

* * *

That reminds me that Clement once snubbed the Jester, and gave him the cold shoulder. It was at North Woolwich Gardens, if I remember rightly.

* * *

But I forgive and forget, and perhaps, after all, it was wrong to remind him of a certain libel case at Guildhall, Scott against Fiske.

* * *

The very name of the Hornet will always suggest a sting to our Jingo Poet.

MORAL.

Write Jingo songs on Government Paper and you'll get presented at court.

* * *

D.T.—I can't believe that Clement wrote the Ruined Home.

* * *

And now, my readers, to let you into a little secret, whenever you find the writing in these columns to be sparkling, depend on it is Squib throwing his fireworks off the brain; and if you find anything in the shape of puns to be outrageous, it will be Jester; in fact we have got so mixed, that you would hardly know Jester from Squib, or Squib from the Man in Motley.

* * *

Mr. Dillwyn has been making a fuss about the abuse of the Prerogative of the Crown. If this abuse were anything new, or if it were likely to do any harm, then Mr. Dillwyn would be in the right, but as it is an old fad of the Royal Family to muddle and meddle with compliments to their pets (vide Theodore Martin's Memoirs of the Prince Consort), and as their communications have never had any effect either one way or the other, the wisest plan would have been to have said nothing. The only way we know we have a Queen, is by these compliments to duffers, and if we "shut her up," then we shall be absolutely in the dark as to her existence or non-existence.

* * *

Trade is slack in everything but "mysteries."

* * *

The Queen's birthday is on the 24th of this month, she has been a woman for 60 years, a queen for 24 years, and an invisibility for 18 years. Eighteen

years in black, surely its time to go into half-mourning and try Brown.

* * *

The two inseparables, Frank Green and Harry Taylor, are in town, and I'm told Frank is looking well after his tour, and that he intends twisting and turning his mother tongue Topsy Turvy with a Venngeance in his forthcoming pantomime at the Garden. I know he is sure to make a good selection from his stock of ladies to play the Sailor, and hope he will not Sin-bad-ly.

* * *

Green is the right man for a garden.

* * *

Among the notabilities present at the Newsvendors Benevolent Soeiety Dinner, under the presidency of the Earl of Roseberry, we noticed the name of Sir Charles Palmer, Bart. This gentleman does a great deal of good unostentatiously, and him, as one of the Vice-Presidents of their Society, the cabmen have also a good friend. Whenever the worthy baronet patronises a hansom he will be found a ready palmer.

* * *

Alleged extensive robbery by a missionary. Alfred Child, forty-six, missionary, has been charged with stealing £293 12s. 8d. from George Hanbury; I know of a parallel case where one Sir Bartle Frere is attempting to steal territory, the property of the Zulu King. How these missionaries do teach the young how to shoot.

* * *

Now for a growl, specially to pros. Dear pros., sweet pros., can't you stop the "beer money" system? Can't you refuse to support a gang of roughs in idleness, and go in yourselves for legitimate applause? I know how few of you do pay them. I know hor far fewer of you do pay them willingly. I have seen the gang at the "York" on a Monday, pestering you to "part" for the approbation that was due to your talent on the sfage. I have heard hulking ruffians talking of what was owing to them for applause given, how Joe C. owed them 9d., and Johnny D. had not paid up his weekly 2s. 6d. I have heard choruses sung in Music Halls by a choir in the gallery in such a manner as to deceive no one as to the fact of their being prearranged and rehearsed. I have seen Charley W. do half his work on the stage, whilst the gang do the other half in the balcony. Oh, dear pros, stop this (by pros., I mean both pro-prietors and prefessionals). Don't let it be said that the most liberal hand at boozing ruffians shall be the most successful artist. Rely on your own talent and refuse to support this vile imposition. Don't say like some have said: "I'm bound to do it or else I can't get a shop." If all refuse to to support the system, then the proprietors who uphold the scandal will have to rely upon their hall and their drinks to get an audience. If you can't get an engagement, without paying for applause, then black boots, sweep a crossing, or do anything to procure an honest living.

* * *

Carriage Thieves, (from Dickens' Dictionary of London). "Among the many thieves who infest the London Streets none are more artful or more active than the carriage thieves. No vehicle should ever be left with open windows, and valuable rugs in Victorias, &c., should always be secured to the carriage by a strap or other fastening. Ladies should be especially careful of officious persons volunteering to open or close carriage doors, in nine cases out of ten these men and boys are expert pickpockets."

Surely these harsh lines were never written by the son of the author of Bleak House, for many a Poor J'o has earned an honest penny by being ready to open a carriage door or carrying a parcel.

* * *

One for Barstowe.—This in a whisper, as the Beak will never forget the cartoon of the Donkey's Head.—In the Prince of Wales "cabby" has found an eloquent and earnest advocate. Presiding at the ninth anniversary of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, His Royal Highness pointed out the many good qualities of, perhaps, the best abused class of men in the community. They are, as a rule, honest, persevering, and enduring, while their lot, at the best, is unenviable. They have to bear alike the winter's cold and the summer's heat—"the bleak winds of March," to say nothing of those of May, as well as the tropical glare of the dog days, the fogs of November, and the snows of "merry" Christmas. Their earnings are often miserably small, and if we hear sometimes of cases of attempted extortion, it is not much to be wondered at. Rather the wonder would be, if we could but imagine ourselves in the cabman's place, that such cases are so few. Cabby, indeed, is not always so civil as he might be, and his manners lack "the calm repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere;" but we fancy that in nine cases out of ten the driver has more reason to complain of the fare than the fare of the driver. The Prince of Wales, on the strength of statistics furnished by the police authorities, bore high testimony to the general honesty of cabmen; and referring to the prevalence of a popular belief that a cabman never returns an umbrella, humorously said of his humble clients that they might be pardoned for supposing that a gentleman who could take a cab had no use for an umbrella. The argument is not quite logical, but it served for the occasion, and was good enough for an after-dinner speech in aid of the funds of an Association in which every Londoner should take an interest. Cabmen, however, are not the only people who seem to entertain the idea that umbrellas are common property—the *feræ naturæ*, so to speak, of the surroundings of civilized society. All sorts and conditions of men lay violent hands on them, and never seem to consider for a moment that they are not doing precisely as they would be done by.—*South London Press.*

* * *

We can only add that as the Prince spoke out so fairly and Hansom-ly that cabmen for the future will neither prove Growlers or Shofuls.

* * *

Only I hope that the Prince will see that like the Firemen they are provided with a shelter at the ditch near Fleet Street.

* * *

And now to send round the hat. I mean that Our Boys and possibly The Girls will take off their caps, into which you will, I hope, throw pennies, in return for which they will give you Life, London Life, and you will have the satisfaction to know you are helping the newsboys and girls to get an honest shilling or so, and also assisting your own

JESTER.

John Brown whispers that Queen Vic. intends to commence a new era on her attaining her sixtieth year, She intends not only spending her time, but also her money, or rather the people's money, amongst her own subjects.

* * *

That veteran, Bob Duffell, who has illuminated nearly every town in England, whispers me that the Duke of Norfolk and others intend to hold high revel on Her Majesty's birthday.

* * *

There was once a little widow who resided at Camberwell, she had several admirers there, and I am informed that they still visit her, and stop very late, now that she has removed to Shakespeare Road, Herne Hill.

* * *

One in particular, who is a rank bully and coward, our Hawk hopes to catch, when he will get a Roland for an Oliver.

* * *

A tight young lady—dear me I didn't mean that, I should have said clad in a tight fitting dress,—ask her to look up at the ceiling and see the agony she will be in, and then kindly enquire if the collar chafes her. To be seen at the Station Hotel, Beresford Street, Walworth.

* * *

The authorities at Scotland Yard have instructed all police constables to look into the coal cellars when they go down the areas to sup with the cooks. They may thus discover many mysteries, although they may prove incompetent to solve one.

* * *

The Era, in a notice of the Metropolitan Music Hall, speaks of *Edward* Wilson, the Baritone. It must have been a very young reporter who did not know *Edgar* Wilson.

* * *

The York Hotel has a dangerous rival in the "Glass House" in Stamford Street. Mr. Smith, the proprietor, has enlarged and seated a bar for the convenience of "pros," who are not ambitious of being seen hanging about "Poverty Corner."

Who's Campbell? In my morning's paper of this 19th of May, on referring to the law notices, I find the case of the Queen *v.* Campbell and another set down for trial this day, before a special jury. Surely Her Majesty has not been so hard-hearted as to bring an action against her son-in-law, or his papa, of that ilk. I can never believe it, all whispers to the contrary notwithstanding, even if they are borne on the wind all the way from "Ottawa."

* * *

It can't be "Major" Campbell. The gallant Major I am sure, does not care to have another set to with Her Majesty, either at Westminster or in the City, until he can't help it.

* * *

Who can it be? A horrible suspicion has arisen in my mind that it or he isn't a "Campbell" at all, but some "base deceiver," who has become so attached to the "Major" that he dreamt about it, and thought that he should like to be a "Campbell." Mr. Norfolk Howard had no difficulty in becoming a member of the family of all the blood, &c., &c., although he was born a "Bug."

* * *

But there, what's the use of surmising further? The best thing I can do is to finish my breakfast and go and hear the case, and I should not be surprised to find that his name was not Campbell at all, but "Callisher," and that he wasn't a swell at all. Anyhow, I'll go and see, and either this week or next your readers shall know all about the trial, and all about the defendants and the witnesses.

* * *

Billy West is going on the right road to penal servitude. The other night 291 F. stopped him on Waterloo Bridge, and dragged him back to Bow Street for the crime of taking home one of his nigger calico coats to be washed, and now nightly at the Bedford he inveigles a lad on the stage, and attempts to knock his brains out with a frying pan,—luckily if the lad had any brains he wouldn't stand it, so Billy is safe pro tem. By-the-bye, Billy, asked 291 F. if he took him for a Richmond Mystery. Billy is a mystery, but not of that ilk.

* * *

Alf. Burnham, late Manager of the Bedford, takes a "Ben" at the Royal on the Oaks night, May 30th. He deserves a good one.

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